

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Poetry.

AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS MOOD.

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless, like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer? With the sun,
Opening the dusky eyelids of the South
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth,
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer? In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
Where the mild eve by sunny night is prest,
Like tearful Prosperine, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked tree,
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!

Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through,
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel glouts on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garner with ripe grain,
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main:
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells,
Among the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves of a love rosary:
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
In the hushed mind's mysterious far-away
Doubtful what ghostly things will steal the last,
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O, go and sit with her, and be o'erwhelmed
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her bower—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died—whose doom
Is Beauty—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

MAN'S LIFE.

BY HOLY GEORGE HERBERT—XVIII CENTURY.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken to a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarcely knows the way:
They are like little winding sheets,
Which do confine and send them unto death.

When boys first go to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead;
Successful nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriended him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse, while he has breath,
As yet to spare,
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dailies may be life in death!

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY R. M. MILNES.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can in just measure try
The worth of Hours as they go by;

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content;

And more; though, free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm;

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done;

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain;

Upon your heart this truth may rise:
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices Man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving fruit of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

Miscellany.

The following letter from IVAN ALEXIOWITZ to his friend HECTOR ST. JOHN, describing a visit to JOHN BARTRAM, in 1769, gives a pleasing picture of the life and manners of that celebrated botanist. The letter is extracted from Doctor Darlington's recent work, "Memoirs of John Bartram and Humphrey Marshall."

—Examine this flourishing province, in whatever light you will, the eyes as well as the mind of a European traveller are equally delighted; here, a diffusive happiness appears in every part, a happiness which is established on the broadest basis. The wisdom of LYCURGUS, and SOLON never conferred on any half of the blessings and uninterrupted prosperity which the Pennsylvanians now possess. The name of PENN, that simple but illustrious citizen, does more honor to the English nation than those of many of its kings.

In order to convince you that I have not bestowed undeserved praises in my former letters on this celebrated government, and that either nature or the climate seems to be more favorable to the arts and sciences than to any other American province,—let us together, agreeably to your desire, pay a visit to Mr. JOHN BARTRAM, the first botanist of this new hemisphere, become such by a native impulse of disposition. It is to this simple man that America is indebted for several discoveries, and the knowledge of many new plants. I had been greatly prepossessed in his favor by the extensive correspondence which I knew he held with the most eminent Scotch and French botanists: I knew also that he had been honored with that of Queen Ulrica of Sweden.

His house is small but decent; there was something peculiar in its first appearance, which seemed to distinguish it from those of his neighbors: a small tower in the middle of it, not only helped to strengthen it, but afforded convenient room for a staircase. Every disposition of the fields, fences, and trees, seemed to bear the marks of perfect order and regularity,—which in rural affairs, always indicate a prosperous industry.

I was received at the door by a woman, dressed extremely neat and simple, who, without courtesying, or any other ceremonial, asked me with an air of benignity, who I was. I answered, "I should be glad to see Mr. BARTRAM." "If that will be your pleasure, and take a chair, I will send for him." "No," I said, "I had rather have the pleasure of walking through his farm; I shall easily find him out, with your directions." After a little time I perceived the Schuykill, winding through delightful meadows, and soon cast my eyes on a new made bank, which seemed greatly to confine its stream. After having walked on its top a considerable way, I asked if any of the place where ten men were at work. An elderly looking man, with wide trousers and a large leather apron, looking at me said,—"My name is BARTRAM,—do you want me?" "Sir, I am come on purpose to converse with you, if you can be spared from your labor." "Very easily," he answered; "I direct and advise more than I work." We walked toward the house, where he made me take a chair while he went to put on clean clothes; after which he returned and sat down by me. The fame of your knowledge," I said, "in American botany and your well-known hospitality,—have induced me to pay you a visit, which I hope you will not think troublesome. I should be glad to spend a few hours in your garden." "The greatest advantage," replied he, "which I receive from what he calls my botanical fame is the pleasure which it often procures me in receiving the visits of friends and foreigners. But our jaunt into the garden must be postponed for the present, as the bell is ringing for dinner." We entered into a large hall, where there was a long table full of victuals; at the lowest part sat his negroes, his hired men were next, then the family and myself; and at the head the venerable father and his wife presided. Each reclined on the cushions of some, and said his prayers, directed of others. "After the luxuries of our cities," observed he, "this plain fare must appear to be a severe fast." "By no means," Mr. BARTRAM said, "as a friend and an old acquaintance." "I am glad of it for the art heartily welcome. I never knew how to use ceremonies; they are insufficient proofs of sincerity; our Society, besides, are utterly strangers to what the world calleth polite expressions. We treat others as we treat ourselves. I received yesterday a letter from a Russian, by which I understand that art is to be taught; what motives can possibly have induced me to quit my native country, and to come so far in quest of knowledge or pleasure? Verily it is a great compulsion to this our young province, to think that anything it exhibiteth may be worthy thy attention." "I have been most amply repaid for the trouble of the passage. I view the present Americans as the seed of future nations, which will replenish this boundless continent. The Russians may in some respects be compared to you; we, likewise, are a new people,—new, I mean, in knowledge, arts, and improvements. Who knows what revolutions Russia and America may one day bring about? I see, perhaps nearer neighbors than you, all your towns,—I examine with peculiar attention, the police,—for which many are already famous. Though their foundations are now so recent, and so well remembered,—yet their origin will puzzle posterity as much as we are now puzzled to ascertain the beginning of those which time has in some measure destroyed. Your new buildings, your streets, put me in mind of Pompeii, where I was a few years ago; I attentively examined every thing, there, particularly the foot-path which runs along the houses. They appeared to have been considerably worn by the great number of people in the land, which once travelled over them. But now, how distant! neither builders nor proprietors remain: nothing is known."

"Why, then, has this been a great traveller, for a man of thy years?" "Few years, sir, will enable any body to journey over a great tract of country; but it requires a superior degree of knowledge to gather harvests as we go. Pray, Mr. Bartram, what banks are those which you are making; to what purpose is so much expense and so much labor bestowed?" "Friend Ivan, no branch of industry was ever more profitable to any country, as well as to the proprietors. The Schuykill in its many windings once covered a great extent of ground, though its waters were but shallow even in our highest season, and though some parts were always dry, yet the whole of this great tract presented to the eye nothing but a putrid swampy soil, useless, either for the plough or for the scythe. The proprietors of these grounds are now incorporated; we yearly pay to the treasury of the company a certain sum which makes an aggregate superior to the casualties that generally happen, either by inundation or the muskquash.* It is owing to this happy contrivance that so many thousands of acres of meadow have been rescued from the Schuykill and Delaware, which now both enricheth and embellisheth so much which now both enricheth and embellisheth so much of the neighborhood of our city. Our brethren of Salem, in New Jersey, have carried the art of banking to a still higher degree of perfection." "It is really an admirable contrivance, which greatly resembles a spirit of discernment and perseverance which is highly praise-worthy; if the Virginians would imitate your example, the state of their husbandry would greatly improve; I have not heard of any such association in any other part of the Continent; Pennsylvania, hitherto, seems to reign the unrivalled queen of these fair provinces. Pray, sir, what is the use of the pen, or these grounds, and the scythe?" "The expenses are very considerable, particularly when we have land, brooks, trees, and brush to clear away; but such is the excellence of these bottoms, and the produce of the grass for fattening cattle, that the produce of three years pays all advances." "Happy the country where nature has bestowed such rich treasures! Treasures superior to mines," I said, "if all this fair province is thus cultivated, no wonder it has acquired such reputation for the prosperity and the industry of its inhabitants. By this time the working part of the family had finished their dinner, and retired with a decent silence which pleased me much. Soon after I heard, as I thought, a distant concert of instruments. "However simple and pastoral your fare was, what is this I hear?" "The music of a prince, pray, what is this I hear?" "The music of a prince, pray, what is this I hear?" "The music of a prince, pray, what is this I hear?"

place struck me; I could not avoid asking, "Does the Society of Friends take any pride in these arduous bearings, which sometimes serve as marks of distinction between families, and much oftener as food for pride and ostentation?" "The music must know," said he, "that my father was a Frenchman, he bought this piece of painting over with him. I keep it as a piece of family furniture, and as a memorial of his removal thither!"

From his study we went into the garden, which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs; some grew in a green-house, over the door of which was written these lines:—

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

He informed me that he had often followed General Bonquet to Pittsburgh, with a view of herbstering, that he had made useful collections in Virginia; and that he had been employed by the King of England to visit the two Floridas.

Our walk and botanical observations engrossed so much time that the sun was almost down ere I thought of returning to Philadelphia; I regretted that the day had been so short, as I had not spent so rational a one for a long time before. I wanted to stay, yet was doubtful whether it would not appear improper, being an utter stranger. Knowing, however, that I was visiting the least ceremonious people in the world, I blurted out the desire I had of staying a few days with him. He welcomed me as if I were his father; these art no stranger; thy desire of knowledge, thy being a foreigner, besides, entitle thee to consider my house as thine own as long as thee pleases; use thy time with the most perfect freedom; I too, shall do so myself." I thankfully accepted the kind invitation.

We went to view his favorite bank; he showed me the principles and method on which it was erected; and we walked over the ground that had been already drained. The whole store of Nature's kind luxuriance seemed to have been exhausted in these beautiful meadows; he made me count the number of solid bottoms, which but a few years before had been covered with water. Thence we rambled through his fields, where the right-angled fences, the heaps of pitched stones, the flourishing clover, announced the best husbandry, as well as the most assiduous attention. His cows were then returning home deep-bellied, short-legged, having udders ready to burst; seeking, with seeming toil, to be delivered from the great encumbrance they contained. He next showed me an orchard, formerly planted on a barren sandy soil, but long since converted into one of the richest spots in the vicinity. "This, said he, is altogether the fruit of my own contrivance. I purchased, some years ago, the privilege of a small spring, about a mile and a half from hence, and which at a considerable expense I have brought to this reservoir; therein I throw old lime, ashes, horse-dung, &c., and twice a week I let it run, thus impregnated. I regularly spread on this ground in the fall, old hay, straw, and whatever damaged fodder I have about my barn. By these simple means I mow, one year with another, five or six hundred of excellent fine fingers [i.e. cinquefoil or *Centauria*]. *Conandensis* L., some years ago, I brought to this reservoir; therein I throw old lime, ashes, horse-dung, &c., and twice a week I let it run, thus impregnated. I regularly spread on this ground in the fall, old hay, straw, and whatever damaged fodder I have about my barn. 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